

They can burn it, but never destroy it

By Amn. Andrew McCarty
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I write this in response to seeing the United States Flag being burned in the streets of Washington, D.C. Finding myself enraged, I turned to the pen for release. This is written for those unfortunate Neanderthals who forsake the gift of speech for actions of anarchy.

I serve the Flag of America; our lady, Old Glory. I serve in my nation's active duty military. It matters not what branch. The Stars and Stripes knows no divisions because it serves a country indivisible.

It has come to my attention that you burned our Flag. I realize that it is my duty, my responsibility to explain that you did not accomplish what you sought in doing so. In fact, the truth is much the opposite. I will try and make this easy to understand because you have shown your ignorance in doing what you have done. You were wrong. Read on.

The colors of our Flag do not run. Though they may fade from sunlight and rain, it is only because no material exists on our earth that can hold true to colors of such profound meaning. No rain could wash away the red, the blood of our soldiers who have bled and died on our battlefields, the blood of our civilians who perished when the battlefield came to them. No force could loose the white of the bandages that wrapped about our wounded when our enemies shot, stabbed, burned, bombed, and tortured our people. The colors of our Flag are pure no matter how hard you try to taint them with your hatred and ignorance. In this, you cannot succeed.

When you burn our Flag, however disrespectful and boorish an act this is, you set its spirit free. You may stomp on its ashes, but you will notice that the smoke rises heavenward, transporting the fifty stars back to their place in the sky. These same smoldering ashes then return to the very soil which we have fought and died for in order to make free. You are not destroying the Flag but rather recycling its lifeblood, its soul as it fertilizes the great pastures of freedom that reap liberty and justice throughout the United States of America. You have not the strength to capture and bind the Flag. Instead, you have become its unwilling servant, a mindless, sophomoric subordinate to all that the Flag represents.

If you are an American burning our Flag, you are insulting yourself in a way that perhaps you will never understand. You have martyred liberty in the name of hypocrisy because you are willing to mock a



symbol of the freedoms that being an American has given you, freedoms which are quintessential and absolute, freedoms you obviously do not appreciate or deserve. My heart breaks in having to say this to a fellow American.

Remember always that you are a minute ingredient in the composition of the Flag you have chosen to desecrate. You are a speck of white in the field of stars. But as the Flag is unfurled, and the wind begins to blow, you will not keep her from waving. Those waves that ripple through her colors are not from the effects of your insolence and hatred, but from the deeds of the great men and women who love our nation. They are from the strong breath of God Who gives life and purpose to a country founded by men and women who embarked on the mission of finding a home for those who can respect the free will He has granted us. You are of the same caliber as the criminals who stalk our cities and haunt our neighborhoods because you have shown that you do not respect what is true and good. All of this is evident in your burning of the Flag.

You have saddened me, but you cannot deter me from continuing to serve our Flag. I take stock in our Flag. It is my Flag, the most beautiful Flag there is. I know that you and your constituents will continue to burn our Flag till the end of days, but it will never serve the purpose you wish it would. It can't. It isn't the nature of our Flag to be overcome, but rather to overcome. May God bless her always.

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